

## Silk Like Skin by Deep\_South

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**Summary:**

Billy slowly undoes the zipper, relishing how the sounds of the click of the metal teeth puncture through Hopper's heavy breathing. He lets the opening of the fly of his jeans fall into a wide V, revealing the dark expanse of red silk that pulls and strains over his cock—shifts his hips slightly so that the slick shine of the fabric can sculpt his ridged hard lines with refractions of the light.

Hopper groans and sinks to his knees like he's worshipping him, head pressed into Billy's lap, nosing at the fabric. He inhales—practically rubs his entire face over Billy's crotch, open wet mouth and the bristles of his beard—and Billy throws his head back and hisses out a moan. *"Fuck yeah, Daddy."*

(Or: Steve and Billy discover one of Hopper's secret kinks and use it to seduce him. Written for Jessicat's prompt/request for both Billy and Steve in panties while Hopper fucks and rims them and calls them "pretty.")

## Silk Like Skin

### Author's Note:

\*\*This “Jailbait series” will likely just be a slow parade of various kink and fetishism... So please do comment with kink/fetish ideas and requests if you have anything you’d like to see/read! And feel extra free to bring me the “odd” and obscure ones and I’ll see what I can do for you. :D (And/or message me on Tumblr @ False-North)

### Silk Like Skin

The first thing that clues them in—that Hopper might have some things he’s, well, *in to*, that he hasn’t told them about—is the magazine. It was just a regular day like any other. Hopper had been called into the station to deal with some sort of farmer’s market zoning “emergency” and had reluctantly left Billy and Steve to see themselves out. Billy, for someone who was so incredibly guarded around 99% of the people that have ever met him, still somehow has no basic concept of personal privacy, so it only takes him ten minutes into being alone with Steve in Hopper’s cabin before he finds it—a curiously old and rumpled copy of a lingerie catalogue.

The first thing that crosses both Steve’s mind and Billy’s mouth is that Hopper definitely has to have better porn than that. He’s an adult, for one, and doesn’t need to go scrounging around for his parent’s or sister’s underwear catalogues when he can go buy actual porn. And secondly, that Billy and Steve have been doing this *thing* with Hopper for a bit of a while now, at least long enough to know that he can be utterly filthy at times. Granted, he’s certainly nowhere near as perverse as Steve can be, because despite his preppy all-American exterior, Steve—when given the right motivation—is actually, gloriously, the downright filthiest motherfucker that Billy has ever had the privilege to stand near to. But Hopper is at least about on par with Billy in his own way, and, at any rate, at least keeps up with both of them enough that he *has* to have better porn than that.

It’s the crux of that thought that drives them forward on a porn recon

quest of epic privacy-violating proportions. Steve is half-way under Hopper's bed, when Billy opens the bottom drawer of a dresser in the bedroom's far corner. He's barely rifled through it for more than an extended moment, before he lets out a low whistle accompanied by a teasing, "Whoa. *Oh daddy!*"

Steve pulls himself out from under the mattress. "What? What'd you find? Is it porn?"

"Noope. Well, not exactly," Billy says as he holds up a handful of fabric in an assortment of colors and decadent materials—gentle heaps of silks and lace. "Looks like the Chief has quite the collection."

Steve eyes the mound of fabric from across the room, "Are those ... underpants?"

Billy snorts at him, "Umm yeah, grandma, but those of us under sixty generally call them *panties*. And yes, they are panties—lots of them."

Steve takes the correction in stride, rolling his eyes followed by his tongue—a movement Billy's pretty sure Steve learned from watching him. "Like you ever wear enough of any kind of underwear to know what to call them."

"Like you would ever want me to," Billy quips back fondly. "But still, doesn't mean I can't appreciate it when others wear them."

"Yeah? Do you think Hopper *wears* them?" The idea certainly isn't unpleasant, kinda hot actually. But Steve can't quite picture it, the image just a haze in his mind. It doesn't quite fit with the Hopper he knows, not any side he's ever shown them at least.

"Nah, I don't think so. Not these at least. Most of these look new. And they aren't exactly his size," Billy estimated, holding up a pair in a delicate pink lace, too small for Hopper's thick build.

"What do you think that means?" Steve's face is curious, intrigued.

"I think it means he didn't just keep those catalogues around for the women in them."

"Yeah, but what do you think he *does* with them?" Steve can think of

a few possibilities, all of which settle pleasantly at the base of his spine where it begins to tingle through him, blood and heat flushing through his system.

Billy senses it too, lips curling up into a smile as he plucks two pairs out of the pile and pockets them, beckoning Steve over to him so that he can kiss him, hard angles and a slow scrape of tongue and teeth, like he always does when he knows just what Steve is thinking. Steve folds around him, mouth chasing Billy's tease, fisting a hand into his thick hair to pull him in. He curls his other hand around the curve of Billy's ass—the pocket of his jeans—fingers grazing the fabric inside it, and bucks up against Billy at the thought of what Hopper might use them for. Steve feels Billy press back against him in response and murmurs his agreement against the pulse point below Billy's ear as Billy hoarsely suggests, "Let's find out."

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It takes another week to find the time where their schedules overlap with Hopper's, but once they do, they come prepared. Dusk is setting in and the cool chill of the air matches the shivery feeling of the silk above Billy's thighs and the flutter of anticipation in Steve's spine. Steve and Billy are both expected, so they let themselves into the cabin. Steve heads over to the bathroom with his bag, while Billy heads straight into the kitchen where he can hear Hopper working at the table.

Hopper's deep in concentration on a report, so Billy walks right in past him to the cupboard over the sink where the glasses are kept. There are clean glasses on the lower shelf, but he bypasses them, reaching up to the top most one instead. He makes sure to create some noise while he does it, really makes sure Hopper's attention has drifted to him before he stretches his arms above his head, the white cotton of his shirt riding up and his jeans riding low. There's a scrape of the chair across the linoleum and Billy twists back toward Hopper, making sure he's noticed, that he has his full attention. Hopper's eyes are on him, hyper-focused at his waist. The look in Hopper's eyes does something to Billy, makes his heart rate accelerate until it pulses in his throat. Billy tries to keep his expression neutral as he abandons the glass on the shelf, shifts into a casual stretch, putting his back into it to expose more of the rippled planes of his stomach beneath

the shirt even though he knows that's not what Hopper's really looking at.

Hopper advances on him slowly, eyes zeroing in on the shimmery line of bright red fabric bifurcating the pale blue denim of his jeans and the tanned start of his skin. "Are those...?" He clears his throat and tries again. "Are you wearing...?"

"*Panties?*" Billy purrs. "Why, yes, yes I am." He cocks his head, teasing, but still curious how to play it. "Why, *daddy?* Is there something wrong with wearing panties? Is it *bad?*"

"No, it's... good," Hopper assures him, the sudden press of his approach backing Billy up against the counter in a slow prowl. "It's *very* good." His eyes look a bit wild, transfixed at the sight of them. It doesn't even register that he's breaking his one personal hard rule of never touching first—his hands finding Billy's waist, fingers tracing the strip of silk between the worn denim and the warmth of his skin.

Billy slowly undoes the zipper, relishing how the sounds of the click of the metal teeth puncture through Hopper's heavy breathing. He lets the opening of the fly of his jeans fall into a wide V, revealing the dark expanse of red silk that pulls and strains over his cock—shifts his hips slightly so that the slick shine of the fabric can sculpt his ridged hard lines with refractions of the light.

Hopper groans and sinks to his knees like he's worshipping him, head pressed into Billy's lap, nosing at the fabric. He inhales—practically rubs his entire face over Billy's crotch, open wet mouth and the bristles of his beard—and Billy throws his head back and hisses out a moan. "*Fuck yeah, Daddy.*"

Hopper's only been on his knees for a flash of a moment when Steve comes out of the bathroom and into the kitchen in one of Billy's old band T-shirts. The shirt is one of Steve's favorites from Billy's earlier high school years. One from when he hadn't yet started buying clothes one-size too small for his body in order to properly show it off and bought everything two-sizes too big instead, now soft with over-washing and fraying at all the edges. The shirt is still too loose on Billy even with his muscle, and so it's huge on Steve in a way that *works* given it's (almost) the only thing he has on—the neck of it

stretched out enough with age to swoop down his right shoulder, exposing the sharp angles of his collar bone and the soft expanse of his throat. The shirt's hem just barely covers past the curve of his ass, just enough to cover up what only he and Billy know is underneath—a deliberate and strategic choice.

“Hey ya, Hop.”

“Hey, baby,” Hopper manages to rasp out as he turns his head a little in Steve's direction, the left side of his lower cheek and jaw still pressed against the silk. His pupils are blown and Steve smiles at him, coy and gentle.

Steve slinks over to where Hopper's kneeling, still crouched eye level with the silk covered cock between Billy's parted legs. He comes to stand right beside Billy, reaches out with his hand and gently rakes his fingers through Hopper's hair. Pulling on the strands with a little more force, he guides Hopper's face away from Billy and into his lower torso. Hopper lets Steve move him, buries his face against his stomach, kissing the shirt, the scent of Billy on Steve's body.

Keeping his left hand on Billy's waist, Hopper brings his right up to Steve to steady himself, curling his fingers around the bone of his hip. Steve continues to card his fingers through Hopper's short strands, tugging and twisting his fist around them. “I have something to show you too.”

“Yeah?” The sound of Hopper's voice comes out sluggish on his tongue, like he's drugged.

“Ummhmm. Kiss me.”

Hopper shifts to lift up from his knees to comply, but Steve wraps his fist harder around his hair, pushes him back down by the top of the head, pulls him back into the shirt and then pushes lower until Hopper's face hits thigh. “No, kiss me *there*,” Steve clarifies.

Hopper sucks in a sharp breath. He bends himself to acquiesce, moves his mouth over the smooth cream white marble of his thighs, nuzzles and kisses his way up until he's up under the shirt and able to see that Steve has on panties too, sheer and delicate—a completely

see-through black blend of mesh and chiffon that turns charcoal in the light. The dark, soft material clinging to every fold in a stark contrast to the throbbing hard ridges of him, cock too big for the fabric. The groan Hopper releases is almost a sob. He runs his tongue up the length of Steve, all the way from the base to the tip, tongue catching on the waist where the fabric ends before Steve's cock does and leaving a warm wet stripe of saliva that glistens against the material.

The hand on his hip slides down from Steve's waist to his ass. Cupping around it, Hopper drags Steve forward into his face, digging in and grappling for purchase as he mouths at Steve over and through the slick fabric. The combined jolt of momentum and sensation causes Steve to waiver and Billy automatically reaches over and steadies him, hand wrapped around Steve's upper arm. Billy looks a little strung out himself, but still manages to wink at him as he speaks. "I think daddy likes it," he murmurs, but the cockiness in his voice keeps cracking with arousal, comes out with a moan.

"Yeah?" Steve presses. "Do you like it, Hop? Am I *pretty*? Billy and I wanted to dress up all pretty for you."

"Yeah, Steve's so pretty, isn't he, daddy," Billy echoes.

"So pretty," Hopper murmurs into his skin. "You're *both* so fucking pretty." His left hand clutches harder around Billy, quickly maneuvering his hips by the guide of his palm to press in closer to Steve's, crowding his crotch into his space so that he could get at both of them—encaging himself with their hips and thighs, the smooth expanses of sheer and silk.

Hopper groans out little supplications and demands as he worships them, alternating between broad licks against the sheer ridge of Steve and wet open mouth kisses to the opaque silk on Billy with the occasional blunt pressure of teeth. There's a current of desperation under the gravel of his voice and it's the closest they've ever heard to Hopper begging, even though his words are still commands: "How do they feel? Tell *daddy* what they feel like."

Both boys breathe back just as heavily, looking down at him in their own forms of wonder, watch themselves bring the big, strong man that is Jim Hopper to a panting reverent worship on his knees. Both



finding themselves needing to lean back into the counter, brace their arms against it to keep themselves upright, before they can speak.

“They’re so soft and tight,” Billy manages. “Like my skin is too tight to contain me. I wore them all morning thinking of you. What you might do to me. What they might do to you. I could feel them slide under my jeans every time I moved. It kept making me so hard, daddy, fuck. It was so tight then. I kept having to jerk myself off in my room so that I could fit everything in enough to keep them on. I was so afraid that my father would catch me wearing them somehow—What I would say if he did.” Billy shivers, whispers, “It was exhilarating.” He exhales sharply before finding his voice again, “Steve couldn’t even fit in his. Couldn’t even walk without spilling out of them. He had to put his on here, didn’t you baby.”

Steve picks it up for him, agreeing. “Yeah, I *tried*, Hop, but the fabric of these is so delicate. Even now I feel like if you get me any harder they’ll rip. I can feel everything through them accentuated like a fire. Every time you breathe, it lingers, tickles. And I can feel your beard, Hop, brushing over me through the slits. It feels so fucking good. *Fuck.*”

Steve’s fingers involuntarily twitch in his hair, grip into his scalp, and Hopper growls out a low needful sound. In a rapid quick movement, he finds the strength to get up, fists the back of both of their shirts and spins them around in a near simultaneous motion that must have come from his time on the force, years of manhandling perps, drunken brawlers, and delinquent youth. The boys fold easily over the counter. Hopper rips Billy’s jeans the rest of the way down off him until both of them match—t-shirts and panties bent over the kitchen Formica.

He uses the tees to get a handful of each of them, wrapping the back of each shirt into a fist to maneuver them as he wants, which, for the moment, is just to weight them down, keep their chests pressed tight onto the counter. Both sets of palms from both of the boys automatically reach out across the counter, grab on to the other edge on the far side, wrapping their fingers over the ledge, bodies bent and spread like an offering. Hopper proceeds to take it from them, unwraps his own fingers from the shirts’ fabric, knows they’ll stay put for him. He uses his hands instead to stroke at them both, taking

turns running his face and tongue over the backside of each of the panties while he palms the other, fingers the fabric, before yanking the material to the side, mouthing, and licking, and fingering the boys open from around the panties until all three of them are shaking.

The sounds coming from the boys from over the counter—the hiccups of breath, pleading little yelps, and lower groans—aren't unusual in the least, but their lack of talking is. Billy generally never *stops* talking during sex, a constant storm of teasing, probing questions, and *Steve*, well the things that Steve can come up with when he's fully wrapped up in the moment can be downright fucking *filthy*, and that's even just with the things he'll actually let himself say out loud. Hopper's usually the taciturn one, both in and out of bed. But having this right here—Steve and Billy in fucking *panties*—brings out a side of Hopper that's a hell of a lot more verbose, compels him to speak out in a loud and low grating growl against their skin.

“Look at you boys. So pretty. Christ, your *ass*, Billy. God, you have such an ass on you. Gorgeous. The first time I ever really saw you like this, let myself think about it, all I wanted to do was taste it. I had you pegged for tasting like cherries: tight, and tart, and sweet. But then I got my mouth on you for the first time—hard tight skin and this sweet little hole of yours—and you tasted like peaches, dripping and wet with sugar. I ate peaches for lunch every day for a week after that. Did you know that? Would just sit back at my desk at the station and let the juice of it run over my fingers and thought about having you spread open on my tongue.”

“Holy fuck.” Billy stammers, ass snapping up hard against Hopper's mouth, eyes and mouth wide.

“And Steve, *jesus* baby, I can't believe how lithe your hips are, how soft. How perfect and pale your skin is. All that secret power underneath it. How you have everyone fooled that you're so delicate. Even I couldn't believe it the first time you took my cock inside you. I never thought it would fit, didn't know where it would go, couldn't believe it. And the sounds you make, angel...”. On cue, Steve choked on a whimper in response and Hopper mimicked it back, “Yeah, just like that. And now in these panties...getting all dressed up for me. You're just so so pretty, baby. So beautiful, and pretty, and *strong*.”

Now I know why Billy calls you ‘*princess*’.”

“*Fuck*, Hop,” Steve breathes out.

“Is that a request, angel?”

“Yes. fuck yes.”

Hopper skirted his finger around the rim again, pushing his index in to the second knuckle. “What should I fuck you with, angel. What do you want?”

“Your cock. Oh my god, Hop. I want it inside me...so fucking bad.”

In a flash Hopper is on him, fist wrapped back into his shirt again, the other arm snaking around his waist to pull him back and away from the counter. He doesn’t turn him around though, hauls him right over Billy instead, bending Steve back over so that he’s folded as he was before only this time on top of Billy’s still bent frame, stacking them.

Hopper’s lower torso provides enough pressure to keep Steve suspended there, enough so that he can take back his hand. He reaches down quick, tugging the back of the panties down over Steve’s ass towards his upper thighs just enough so that they rest on the crease. It takes some more spit and a few nudging, shallow thrusts to work his way in, but once he is, Hopper doesn’t hesitate before starting to fuck him long and deep, the way he *knows* Steve likes it. The way Steve confirms he likes it with little verbal encouragements of, “yeahyeah, Hop, take me *deeper*. Wanna feel how pretty I am, wanna feel it *everywhere*.” The front of Steve’s cock is still all wrapped up in the front of the panties, trapping it against his stomach. And Hopper deliberately shifts the the trajectory and force of his hips so that the rocking motion of the thrusts force the mesh encasement of Steve’s cock into the sweet spot of Billy’s ass below him, similarly still constrained under the red silk.

Under them both, Billy scratches wildly at the counter at the feel of it, nails slipping over the slick surface, wailing out keening sounds of desperation. They all know he’s open and ready but that he’s blocked off by both sets of panties. That the position allows him to feel the

rhythm of the thrusts—the gliding slippery friction of a luxury thread count—and Steve’s ridged cock behind it ‘*just there.*’ That Billy’s cock pressed firmly into the cool counter by the hot weight of both bodies above him prohibits him from even touching himself.

It isn’t exactly a secret among them that Billy gets off hard on restraint. That the rough treatment of being nothing more than a surface for them to fuck on, his own pleasure deliberately ignored and denied like some sort of anatomical Ken Doll, tucked up and encased away behind tight, smooth skin, has to be a sort of exquisite torture for Billy. Particularly when Steve’s clutching at Billy’s back, his shoulders, his hips, for purchase like he does when Steve fucks him. And especially when Steve pulls the shirt on Billy up over Billy’s head to get at his skin, biting down hard on the meatier part of the deltoid to cut off his own strangled cry from Hopper pounding his ass, eliciting a long strangled cry from Billy instead.

Hopper keeps his hand on Steve’s hip, thumb hooked and curling around the chiffon patches under the nylon waist line—pushing and pulling Steve back and forth as Steve thrusts himself back. From his position, Billy can’t see anything but the counter and the occasional hand braced against it in his peripheral, but he can hear—everything. Steve’s hitches of pleasure are right in Billy’s ear. Hopper’s deeper grunts only a foot or so further.

When Steve comes, he comes all over Billy’s ass. He cries out rough and sharp in Billy’s ear, stutters his whole body in sinuous jerks of muscle. The feel of Steve falling apart on him, but not *in* him, is agony, the warm wet of it soaking into the fabric and dripping down between Billy’s thighs. Steve is panting hard, limbs a little shaken as he slumps over Billy. Hopper, still hard inside him, takes a few slow pulls to let his cock sink deeper still into Steve’s pliant form—Both of them still pointedly ignoring that Billy’s sobbing in desperation, body begging for stimulation.

After a handful more heavy thrusts, Hopper stills for a moment deep up inside Steve, just because he *can*, and reaches around to snake a hand between Steve’s pelvis and Billy’s ass. He scoops up a line of Steve’s come from the back of Billy’s panties, brings them to his lips, licks it from his fingers. Steve twists backward, leans in and kisses Hopper, and then reaches down and pulls Billy up and back by his

hair to kiss him too, passing on the taste of Steve along with the lingering drops from Hopper's mouth to Steve's to his.

"Steeve, *Baby*," Billy tries. Steve nods. Hopper gets it, pulls out of Steve so that Steve can wriggle his way out from where he had been sandwiched between them. Hopper shifts forward into the sudden thin strip of space and his still heavy and hard cock slots up into the cleft of Billy's ass where the fabric has begun to creep and bunch between his cheeks. With a wicked grin spreading across his face, Steve moves to the other side of the counter, grabs onto Billy's wrists. He keeps them locked in place as Hopper slides down Billy's back, digs his fingers into the meat of his ass, and cleans up the rest of Steve's come with his tongue. Under their steady palms, the steel grip of it, Billy is vibrating.

Hopper hums out a soothing sound, the first acknowledgment that he's aware that Billy might possibly want something, but stays focused on lapping at the silk. On the third swipe of his tongue, Hopper twists his fingers around the bunched fabric, looping it around the tips to pull it up. Knowing the tension that it must create in the front over Billy's dick, he pushes his face back in against the rim of his entrance and sucks.

Billy breaks, sobs out a mantra of "*pleasepleaseplease*," stretching and pulling against Steve's hold to try and push further into the contact of Hopper's mouth, the muscles in his back strained tight. Hopper finally takes pity on him, rises up from the ground and hovers over him. In a fluid steady motion, he tears down the panties and pushes inside him in a single steady plunge. Billy shouts, a strangled wrecked cry of, "Daddy!" that's wet and raw, reflexively jerks under Steve's grasp, and comes before Hopper has even made it all the way to the hilt.

Hopper fucks him as he spasms. He sets a pace of sharp deep thrusts, already close to the brink himself, his usual stamina shot to hell the moment the boys had put on god damn *panties* and paraded them around the kitchen. Beneath him, Billy's still twitching, still mumbling '*please*' as he tries to keep his body still for Hopper to use him.

In front of them both, Steve—arguably the most voyeuristic of the

three—who's always gotten off on watching Billy taken from any angle, particularly like this where he has a view to see *everything*, finally starts talking with that filthy fucking mouth of his. The low-pitch, sensuous curves of his voice a dirty and dangerous one that they only ever get to hear when Billy pulls it out of him. "Yeah, Hop, take him just like that. He better be so fucking wet for you. I know he is. He's such a good whore; he fucking loves it. Daddy's so nice to you, isn't he, sweetheart, pounding that thick monster cock up inside you. Yeah, it's straining your neck so tight—your Adam's apple's so thick right now it looks like daddy's cock is trying to burst through your throat. But it's *so good*. He's so much nicer than me, isn't he, giving you his dick when you weren't even desperate for it yet. I would have made you *beg* for it. But you know that; you know you're not getting off that easy. Watching you like this, being such a good fucking hole for daddy, it's already getting me hard again. And when I am, and you're all loosened up for me from daddy's dick, you're going to take mine. That's right, I'm going to fuck you too, baby. Because you're *my* whore, aren't you. And you know I can make you feel *so fucking good* if I want you to. Hold you down so tight, fuck myself up inside you and stay right there until you're shaking and begging me to move. Maybe even gag that pretty mouth of yours—see if you can still figure out a way to say 'please' without your lips. I know you'd like that."

"Yesssss. God-Steve, yes," Billy pleads, all scrambled syllables and sounds, as he tries to keep his eyes open on Steve, even though they keep fluttering, rolling back in his head.

Hopper can feel the impact of every one of Steve's words through the twitching responses of Billy's muscles where they clench down around his cock, pulsating out the hard beats of his arousal in a twisted Morse code. "Pretty fucking pretty for a whore, though. Prettiest whore I've ever seen," Hopper grits out, soothing his thumb over Billy's hip in fond reverence. He gets two more punctuating, pounding jagged thrusts into him, just to hear the heady high sounds they make Billy spill. And then he's addressing Billy directly, bending his body over the boy bellow him, pressing his chest tight to his back to whisper in his ear loud enough for them all to hear, "Seriously, sweetheart, you're so fucking beautiful."

Hopper freezes for a moment, deep up inside Billy as he had with Steve, taking a moment to relish the tight, embracing heat of it before punctuating the retold confession with a final wild thrust into the new angle that sends him over. Hopper has said it so many times before, but he can never say it enough, so he rides out his orgasm with his chest pressed up tight against Billy's skin, the silk still caught up somewhere below between the tops of their thighs, and whispers praises to him over and over as the waves of pleasure crash through him. Billy cries out in response, and Hopper feels it as Billy shudders and shakes under him—feels the ricochet undulations of muscle clenching inside him and knows Billy's coming again too, makes sure to sustain the pressure on his prostate to push him through it.

Hopper collapses over Billy's back, tongues over a bruising flushed spot on Billy's shoulder where Steve had bitten it. Steve releases Billy's wrists, lunging forward across the counter to kiss him, soft but firm and deep until Billy gasps for breath and then goes back in, languid, calming, and gentle. Hopper and Steve both know that whenever Billy gives himself over, submits his body for pleasure, he needs for them to stay inside him through the aftermath, a physical anchoring comfort. So Hopper does, watching Steve's tongue tangle with Billy's, slow and lazy and utterly erotic. They stay that way, all three wrapped together as the fevered energy settles.

Once it has, Hopper shifts, detangling and stepping back to help Billy peel himself off the counter. His eyes focus in again at the panties that have gathered just above his knees, clocking Steve's on the floor in his peripheral. His gut clenches again with a renewed hint of arousal at the delicate decadent fabrics thoroughly debauched with spit and come, and he's pretty sure he's going to have to find them their own drawer and that he's never going to wash them.

"You boys are amazing," he tells them. "Thank you."

Steve and Billy beam back at him. "If you react like that every time, you can put me in panties anytime you want," Billy reassures him, still a little dazed himself and totally serious. "And you," he adds, turning to Steve. "Hop's right, you are *pretty* in panties. I mean, *God damn*, baby."

"Yeah?" Steve asks, still playful and wicked. He plucks a clean dishtowel off the stove, runs it under the water of the sink, gets it

wet. He motions for Billy to bend back over the counter for him and Billy does, effortless and languid. Steve sinks one knee down to the floor, cleans Billy up in gentle swipes of the cloth. The skin beneath Steve's hands is raw from friction, so he lets his nails cascade over it just to watch Billy shiver. The panties around his knees are soaked through with coalescing fluids and Steve slides them all the way down Billy's calves to his ankles, helps him step out of them, before folding them gently and handing them up to Hopper with a sly and knowing wink.

Steve continues to clean Billy's body in front of him in gentle strokes of the towel, starts talking to Billy again in that sinuous tone. He pitches his voice to match his motions, the sounds sweet and soothing even though the words are anything but. "Well if you think I look so pretty in panties, baby, you should get me another pair and I'll wear them to school for you. You could sit next to me in English knowing what I had on underneath, knowing how it'd change how I walked through the halls. But don't worry, I'd swing by here before hand. I'd get up all early to get here before daddy has to go to work. He can help me put them on, can't you, Hop. And then maybe daddy will be nice and jerk off on me, all over my ass, really rub it in and send me off to school all horny and damp. I'd feel it every time I sit. I wonder how long it will take to dry, if I'll still be wet by third period. I should have you check for me beforehand in the bathroom. You'd do that for me, right Billy baby? You'd take me into the bathroom—the one on the second floor, the really busy one where there's always someone else there—and try to sneak me into a stall, slide your hand down into the back of my jeans and see if your palm comes back wet with daddy's spunk. Bend me back over the stall and replace it with yours if it's gotten too dry—if I'm not wet enough for you."

"*Fuck,*" Billy breathes at the same time Hopper sputters out, "*Steve, Jesus.*"

Looking for a distraction, because there's no way he's getting *that* image out of his head—*ever*, and there's only so much in a day Hopper can take before their insatiable jailbait asses actually kill him, Hopper goes for a (slight) change in subject. "So where did you get these ones anyway?" he asks curiously.

Billy twists his upper spine away from the counter, looking back and



up at him coyly, “Well, we may have found your drawer...”.

Surprise and realization flash across Hopper’s face. “Oh, yeah, that.” There’s a drawn out beat as Hopper works through how to respond to that little revelation before he settles on, “You know, stealing is a crime.” The remark low and graveled but teasing.

“*Borrowed*, technically,” Steve points out, helpfully, as he uses the bent jut of Billy’s hip to pull himself up from the floor. He considers that for a moment though and then after another beat, “That is unless you *want* it to be a crime. You going to arrest us, *officer*?”

Hopper’s dick jumps a bit at that idea, still pressed up close enough to Billy’s other side that Billy feels it too, presses back automatically against him in response. Steve watches them, sees the answering spark of heat in Hopper’s eyes and hears as Billy hitches in an inhale to match followed by the shaken exhale. Steve smiles at both of them, the angle fond but sharp. The way he always looks at Billy whenever he’s got Billy bound and at his mercy—or when he’s about to. Billy is still wrecked and spent but he still swallows hard. He knows that grin, just as much as Steve obviously knows about Billy’s not-so subtle thing for submission and restraint.

Billy shivers a bit under that smile, but his chest is warm. “Steve... *what*...?” Billy presses.

Steve licks his lips, eyes boring into Billy, wicked and sweet. “I know where *daddy* keeps his handcuffs.”